

The Historie of

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgive me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth:

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord:
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, welbelou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard

His Brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. Ifuell it: Vpon my life it will doe well:

Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou still letst slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Montimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heades, by rayling of a Head:

For, heare our selues as enen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnfatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Henry the

Hot. He does, he does; weele

Wor. Coofin, farewell. No furt
Then I by Letters shall direct you
When time is ripe, which will be
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *M*
Where you and *Douglas*, and our
As I will fashion it, shall happily
To beare our fortunes in our own
Which now we hold at much vn

Nor. Farewell good Brother,

Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Grone

Act 2. Enter a Carrier with a La

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not f
Charles-waine is ouer the new Ch
packt. What Ostler?

Off. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beat Cu
the point, poore iade is wrung in

Enter another Car

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are
that is the next way to giue poor
turned vpside downe since *Robin*

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer io
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to be th
London roade for Fleas, I am Hung

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the
christen, could be better bit, th I

2. Car. Why, you will allow
we leake in your Chirany, and
Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come aw

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of B
to be deliuered as farre as Charin

1. Car. Gods body, the Turki
ued: what Ostler? a plague on the
head? canst not heare, & t'were n

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